

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Positive Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

NUMBER 9.

SELECT TALES.

From the Token for 1840.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

[Concluded.]

ELLEN had often sat with her loving friend over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passages in Fletcher's letters, where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated, and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, which sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening hopes never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, "My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine," she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her castle in the air, were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that, put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light. To tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her good night kiss; but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here; it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth." While saying this, she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau; the tone of her voice, and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"Now you are at the bureau, aunt, please take out your crimson shawl," said Ellen, luckily hitting on an external object to engage their attention. Mrs. Dunbar fumbled at the drawers long enough to give herself time to clear her voice and dry her eyes, and then, throwing the shawl into Ellen's lap, she said, "You are welcome to

that and every thing else I have in the world, God knows, my dear child; but I don't wish you to go to Mrs. Reeves' to-morrow evening—I don't think you will enjoy yourself."

"It's no very rare thing, at a party, not to enjoy one's self, aunt. I shall certainly have the pleasure of obliging Fletcher."

"That's true, Ellen; but then it was not like him to ask you, when he saw it was so disagreeable to you. I don't see why he should set his heart upon this foolish Ivanhoeing."

"But you see *why he does*, aunt." Ellen spoke with a smile, melancholy, in spite of her efforts.

"Yes, I do, I do!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I see that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amusing interest in Matilda Preston. I have never so much as thought of it—it's insanity, Ellen—he is as blind as a beetle."

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston."

"That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering."

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and, if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with different eyes."

"Never, Ellen, never in the world—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean—I can't tell you, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me—you are the child of my heart—you have grown up at my side—I can never love another; whomever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home."

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, "I shall never marry—*never*." And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection she quieted her apprehension with a thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child, who, shutting his own eyes, fancies no one can see him.

When Ellen left Mrs. Dunbar's room, she went mechanically down stairs to perform her last household duty, which was to see that the doors were secured. On the floor, at the street door, she perceived a note; and, on taking it up, saw it was addressed to a Miss Littell, Miss Preston's dress-maker, who lived opposite the Dunbars. It had been accidentally dropped by Miss Preston's careless servant. It was unsealed, and

Ellen taking it for granted, it related to something about the costume for the Reeves' party, and that it might be important to have no delay in getting it into the hands of the *artiste*, rang the bell for the servant, intending to send it, though the hour was unseasonable. Diana, Mrs. Dunbar's crippled old cook, called out from the kitchen stairs to Miss Ellen, that "Daniel had just gone up to bed." Daniel, like his pagan mate, Diana, had lived out, and overstayed his lease of three score and ten with kind Mrs. Dunbar; and Ellen, hesitating to call him down, ventured to open the note, to see if it were a matter of any importance. It contained only the following three lines:

"Pray, Miss Littell, if you have any dealings with Mrs. D's family, do not mention that you informed me of the arrival of her son. M. P."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Ellen, involuntarily.

"What is it, Ellen? what did you think?" asked Fletcher, who unheard by her, had just come into the open door for something he had left behind.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said she.

He playfully attempted to wrest the note from her hand, till, seeing she anxiously retained it, he desisted, and she returned to her own apartment, where she breathed freely for the first time for many hours, and where she spent a long, sleepless night in expelling from her mind her shattered hopes, and forming her mind for the future.

"Ought I not," she said, in her self-examination, "to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda. After much meditation the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her "God speed" till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorise his decision. She reflected, that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before, that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged these faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious, that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston. She looked again at Matilda's disreputable notes of that evening and charitably allowed that she had at first felt too much displeasure at what struck her as absolutely false, but what, after all, might be an innocent stratagem to get up a dramatic scene, and perhaps to shelter her emotions at a first meeting with Fletcher. But oh, Matilda, why *always* a stratagem? Why never let the appearance answer to the reality? Why never trust yourself to simple truth?"

Because Matilda was afraid that truth would not serve her so well as she could manage for herself, We have no doubt our friends, the Phrenologists, would, with a very fair intellectual development, have found a great predominance of the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and secretiveness on Matilda's head. She had an intense love of admiration not merely of her personal charms, for her pre-eminent beauty was settled by universal suffrage, and she had no anxiety about it; but she would be thought, in all her circle of acquaintance, to be the most capable of disinterested friendship, and of self-sacrificing love; her tastes were in favor of all the virtues—she really wished to be amiable and excellent; but the virtues have their price, and they will not abate one jot or tittle; that price is self-abasement, self-forgetfulness, and generosity. "Hard it is to climb their steeps;" and they can only be achieved by painful and persevering efforts. At the first real trial appearances vanish like vapor—there is no cheating in the long run in the matter of goodness.

With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favorite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises—her consciousness of herself was always apparent—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite of Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straight forwardness to all her dealing, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip, (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty) that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved; the web she was perpetually weaving or raveling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance, or rather, we should say (with more reverence) God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression.—Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, "in trying to conceal my feelings. I cannot—I never did in my life—I must just set to work and overcome them.—Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and forever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl—as a dear, kind brother; that should be—it *shall be*, enough." This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and once made, she set about, with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution.

"In the first place," thought she, "I must have something extraordinary to occupy me, or I shall be constantly, and oh how painfully, watching Fletcher's every look and action; in spite of myself I shall be hoping and fearing. This must not be, for I know how it must all end!" It occurred to her that it was nearly as

important to divert Mrs. Dunbar's attention as her own, and a lucky thought came into her head.—Mrs. Dunbar's physician had been urging her, for some weeks, to have a little wen removed, that was growing in a dangerous neighborhood to her eye.—Mrs. Dunbar was timid and procrastinating; but with Fletcher's aid, Ellen felt sure of persuading her that this was the very best time for the operation. Then she determined at once to put in execution a project she had conceived, of teaching a poor, young blind girl, a pensioner of Mrs. Dunbar's, music. Ellen was an accomplished musician; and she certainly was not over sanguine in believing, that the prospect of qualifying a drooping, dependent creature to earn an independent subsistence, would make sunshine for some hours every day.

With these, and other similar plans in her head, which were necessarily deferred until after the Reeves' ball, Ellen appeared the next morning with a light and strong heart, and correspondent face, voice, and manner. Oh, if rightly put to the test, what unthought of powers there are in those who every day yield themselves the passive victims to uncontrollable circumstances:

"powers
That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

Ellen talked over with Fletcher, with real interest and unaffected cheerfulness, the arrangements for the evening. If she had put into action all of Talleyrand's diplomacy, she could not so thoroughly have convinced him, that his surmise of the preceding evening was unwarranted. Half of Mrs. Dunbar's griefs were removed by the conviction that her favorite did not share them!

We could fill a volume with the details of the ball, and the circumstances of the following six weeks, and all the developments of character and feeling which came from them; but we must cut down our history to the dimensions of its Procrustes' bed. We must say for our favorite Ellen, that, bating a few inches of stature, she did honor to the character she so reluctantly assumed. Her usually sparkling eyes were languid from the sleeplessness of the preceding night, and her color, which, in heated rooms, was apt to be uncomfortably high, was abated and fluctuating, and her dress, so happily arranged and judiciously modified, that the Saxon beauty, for once, fairly divided the suffrages with the brilliant Rebecca. But with the mere externals ended all resemblance to the truth of the characters. The Palmer, the Christian devotee, had no eye nor ear, but for the proscribed Jewess; and Rebecca was all delight at finding, beneath the broad brim of cockleshells, and the *Slavonian*, the contour and air of a very elegant young man, who, she felt assured, had returned no less her ardent lover than the boy she had parted with six years before. She managed her prepared surprise so awkwardly, that Ellen wondered at Fletcher's blindness. He was indeed blind! As to poor Garston, he was so enchanted with himself in the Templar's costume, that he never once dreamed how near he was to a more portentous overthrow than that of his prototype on the field of Ashby de la Zouch.

We must pass over the next six weeks with merely saying, that Ellen executed her plans—

that Mrs. Dunbar found, in the complete success of a dreaded operation, a very considerable counteraction to what she still maintained was by far the greatest grief of her life. But it was plain, that even in no selfish grief could her benevolent feelings be merged. She was exceedingly excited with Ellen's marvelous success with her musical pupil, and she had the most eager pleasure, every day, in the result of a subscription Ellen had set on foot for the yet unpublished book of a poor author, or, rather a very poor man and good author. We must confess that Ellen had her hours of conflict, agitation, and despondency, when life was a burden; but even then, though the eclipse seemed total to her, she saw light beyond the shadow. Is there ever total darkness to the good?

Fletcher made her his confidant. This was a pretty severe trial; but she tried to feel, and did feel, in some measure, the sympathy he expected; and she was prepared by degrees for the final communication, that he and Matilda had plighted faith. In spite of her resolutions and efforts, she turned excessively pale, and tried in vain to command her voice to speak; but this did not surprise Fletcher. All deep emotions are serious. He had never himself been more so than at this moment of the attainment of the dearest, the long-cherished wish of his heart. One hour before, he had felt a pang that he in vain tried to forget, when, while their mutual vows were still warm on their lips, Matilda had left him in haste, lest she should not be the first at the opening of a newly-arrived case of French millinery! He painfully contrasted this with Ellen's emotion—with his own; and a thought arose through the mists of his mind, repressed as soon as perceived, that there were more points of sympathy between him and Ellen Fitzhugh, than he had found with Matilda.

As to poor Mrs. Dunbar, whom Ellen trusted she had quite prepared for the crisis, she took to her bed, upon the first intimation of it, with a head-ache that lasted, unintermittent, as never had head-ache, or heart-ache, with her before, for three days. In vain Matilda came to ask her blessing. Mrs. Dunbar was unaffectedly too ill to receive her. "With God's help and time," said the good lady to Ellen, "I will do my duty to Fletcher's wife; but as to seeing Matilda Preston now, that's quite impossible—and as to ever loving her as a child, as I do you, my dear Ellen, that's not to be looked for. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' " Mrs. Dunbar was no philosopher; her instincts alone had led her to the discovery of the great truth, that our volitions have no power over our affections.

Ellen, now that all was decided, kept her eyes resolutely on the bright side. "I am very sorry aunt," she said, "you did not feel equal to seeing Matilda this morning; I have seen her more brilliant, but never one half so interesting. Love has given an exaltation to all her feelings—has breathed a soul into her face. There was a gentleness and a deference in her manners to Fletcher, that is quite new to her. She feels his superiority, and it may work wonders on her character."

"Do you think so, Ellen? Well—for Fletcher's sake—God bless him!—I'll hope for the

best. I am not an observing person, Ellen; but I have often remarked, that love, like showers from Heaven, is reviving to the thinnest soil, and every thing is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful for a little while; but the flowers soon fade—the grass withers—nature will take a natural course."

"But, aunt," replied Ellen, with a smile, "may not grace subdue nature?"

"No, my dear, no; it may help nature on in its way, but not change it. I am sure I have tried my best for the last six weeks to put down nature; but it is too strong for me Ellen." Mrs. Dunbar wiped away a flood of tears and then went on. "Ellen, I have been thinking this was a good time, while we are all so wretched—I mean, while I am—to speak to Fletcher about looking over that private desk of his father's. Will you take it to him dear? You know I have never looked into it. Before strangers come into the family, it is best to have papers that concern no one but us, disposed of. You need not say that to Fletcher; but I can trust you, dearest child, to say nothing to him that appears unfriendly to Matilda; just give him the desk and key."

Ellen did so; and, at the first leisure moment, Fletcher sat down to its examination. He found nothing of particular interest till he came to a file of letters, marked, "Correspondence with Selden Fitzhugh."—Before transcribing the only two letters of interest to the reader, it is necessary to premise, that the elder Dunbar and Fletcher had been intimate from their childhood, and that, after their marriage, the closest friendship united their families. A letter from Fletcher's father to his friend, which seemed to have been written soon after his failure, ran thus:

"DEAR FITZHUGH: My ruin is total. The labors, the enterprises, the successes of twenty years are wrecked—nothing remains. I am the victim, in part, of the folly of others, in part, I confess it with shame, of my own grasping. I had competence, I desired riches, and thus it has ended. But the worst is to come my dear friend, I have made shipwreck of your little fortune, as well as of my own hopes. I have been obliged to give up all my property to satisfy my indorsers, according to the received notion, that debts to them are debts of honor, and I have not wherewith to pay a penny of the thirty thousand dollars you trusted to me without bond, mortgage or security of any sort. This is the requital of your generous, but too rash friendship.

"Fitzhugh, I am a heart broken man. My hope and energy are gone. If it were not so, I might promise you a day of restitution—I should expect it myself; but all before me is dark and dreary. Even now I feel as if a fever were drying up the fountains of life.—Forgive me—pity me, my dear friend: I curse my own folly. You will not curse me, but, believe me, I would coin my heart's blood to make you restitution. Your miserable friend,

F. DUNBAR."

The following answer to Mr. Dunbar's letter was dated at Mr. Fitzhugh's country residence, and written a week later than his.

"DEAR DUNBAR: I am truly sorry for your misfortunes; but my dear fellow, take heart of grace. If you have made a total shipwreck, as

you say, why so has many a good fellow before you. The storm will pass—you can fit out again; only don't carry quite so much sail, and take out a clearance for some other port than *El Dorado*. As to my money, believe me, on my honor, after the first surprise and shock were over, the loss has not given me a moment's uneasiness. I would not have put the money at risk for myself or you, if I had not secured an adequate provision for my good wife, and *eight* dear little girls, and Ellen into the bargain, if ever she comes home to us. Our wants are moderate, and our supplies sufficient; and, believe me, a few thousand dollars to be added to the inheritance of each of my girls, would not make one of our bright days brighter. They will never hear of the loss, for I have taken care they should not count upon money that I had subjected to the chances of mercantile life. I have been thus particular to tranquilize you, my dear friend. If finally you retrieve your circumstances, you will pay the debt, and all will be well; and, if you never pay it—why it will be just as well. Ever faithfully yours,

SELDEN FITZHUGH."

"God bless and reward you, noble, dear friend," was an indorse on the back of this letter, dated two days before Mr. Dunbar's death, and written by himself, evidently in a weak and tremulous hand.

Fletcher had read and re-read the letters, and had sat for half an hour meditating on their contents, when Matilda, who had called, on an appointment with Ellen, opened the door, and seeing him deep in occupation, was retreating, when he said, "Pray, come in, Matilda; you are the person I most wished to see."

"That, I trust, is not very singular! But what is the matter, Fletcher? Are you making your will?"

"I am thinking over the disposition of my worldly effects," he replied, with a very faint smile. "Will you read these letters, Matilda?"

"Yes; but, for Heaven's sake, don't look so solemn; I should think they were from the dead to the living."

"They are—read them, and tell me what you think of them."

Matilda read his father's while Fletcher perused her countenance with a far deeper interest than she evinced. "I see nothing very particular in this," she said. "Your poor father seems to have taken his failure sadly to heart. I never heard before that Mr. Fitzhugh lost by him. But the Fitzhughs are very well off for the country, and I suppose it did not matter much. Ellen was probably adopted by your mother as an offset."

"No; my mother never knew any thing of the business."

"No! Oh, I forgot—Ellen has lived here all her life. But why are you so sad, dear Fletcher—there is no use in fretting over past troubles?"

"You have read but one of the letters, Matilda," said Fletcher, coldly, without noticing her last reply.

"So I see; but I was thinking so much more of you than of the letters!" She read Mr. Fitzhugh's. Fletcher's eye was riveted to her face; there was no change of color, no moistening of

the eye, the return message of a kindred spirit to a generous action. "How well he took it!" she said in her ordinary tone of voice. "I have often heard your mother say, that Ellen was just like her father, making the best of every thing—'from evil still deducing good.' Matilda saw that Fletcher expected something more from her; but what, exactly she could not divine. "Mr. Fitzhugh's letter must have been a balm to your father's wounded spirit, just at that sad time," she added, and paused again. A servant entered and filled the awkward interval with some good reason why Miss Ellen could not keep her appointment.

"I am not sorry," said Matilda, when the door closed, "for now, dear Fletcher, you will go with me."

"No, Matilda, I cannot."

"But you will," she urged, laying her hand persuasively on his shoulder, and with a look that would have seemed to defy denial, "Come, come away Fletcher, from these musty papers—you will be devoured with blue devils; come, I must go, and I will not go without you."

"You must excuse me."

"You are unkind, Fletcher," said Matilda, and her starting tears showed that she could feel keenly. Her pride would not brook any further entreaty, and she abruptly left the room, not doubting, however, that she should be intercepted, or immediately followed by her penitent lover. But she reached her own home unmolested, and retired to her own apartment, hurt and offended, and resolved, when Fletcher came to his senses, to be unrelenting. There was ring after ring at the street door, and visiter after visiter was announced; but the only one she cared for came not, and to every one else she was denied. At last the servant brought a note from Fletcher. "There must be something more than one note," thought Matilda, as she broke it open. The current of her feelings was somewhat changed as she read what follows:

"MY DEAREST MATILDA: Forgive me, I pray you. I have seemed unreasonable and sullen to you, and I have done you in my heart more wrong than I have expressed. That heart is wholly yours, and no feeling it harbors shall ever be hidden from you. The truth was, that I expected the letters would have called forth more feeling than they did. I ought to have reflected (and I have since) that our feelings depend much on our humors—that your mind was pre-occupied, and that, having no particular interest in the parties, you could not participate the strong and painful sympathy that then thrilled every nerve in my frame. I was wrong, and again, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me! I have bound myself to tell the whole truth; and I must confess, that I expected still more—that I expected you would anticipate the conclusions which of course were instinctive with me; but I should have remembered, my dear Matilda, that women, having no business, habits or notions, the duty devolving on me at this moment would not have occurred to you. That duty plainly is, to pay my father's debt to the Fitzhughs. There is no legal obligation, but a moral obligation, and an added debt of gratitude that no human law could make more binding, or could invalidate,

If I had a family dependent on me, there might be a question; but, situated as I am, there can be none. The debt, with its accumulation of interest, will swallow up nine-tenths of the property I have acquired; but, with the remnant, with rare experience for three and twenty, with business talents, and a fair reputation, I shall soon go forward again. That event, which is to be the crowning joy of my life, must be deferred for two years. This is no small trial of my philosophy—of my religion (for I will use the right word); but, with this bright reward ever in view, no labors, no difficulties will daunt my spirit. Dearest, dearest Matilda, forgive me for having for a moment doubted you. It was the first time. I believe, as I believe in all truth, it will be the last."

The following brief note, in pencil, was returned by the servant:

"Come to me at nine this evening. I shall be alone and disengaged then, and not till then. In the mean time, make no disclosures of your intentions to your mother, to Ellen, or to any one."

The interval was one of reposeful confidence to Fletcher, and of that celestial joy that springs from an ability, and an immovable resolution, to perform a right action at a great personal sacrifice. We claim for him no great merit in yielding the money. Any right-minded young man, full of health and hope and conscious capacity, might have done this without a pang; but Fletcher was a passionate lover, and he had to encounter the miserable uncertainties of a hope deferred.

Let us see how the interval was passed with Matilda. After much agitating self-deliberation, she called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education very much superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. "Do you believe," said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, "that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?"

"I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others."

"Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement."

"If I choose to be."

"If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up every thing, and living perhaps at lodgings, or setting up house-keeping with two servants that you must

look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage,) and treat yourself, perhaps, to one silk gown a year—and all for what? To humor the notions of a young man, who is in no respect superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes—not much larger either!"

Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"Oh, mamma," she explained, "there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion—"

"Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing and gain every thing. Luckily your engagement is a secret, as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning—a look could bring him back to you."

"But, mamma, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of?"

"Yes, and what every young girl dreams of, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mamma-in-law?"

"Oh detestable!" Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, "I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him; I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it."

The evening came, and when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his fine countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in perfect tune. She advanced toward him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement, the expression was any thing but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

She spoke first, "You do not love me, Fletcher!"

"Not love you, Matilda? God only knows how tenderly I love you."

"No, Fletcher, you do not love me—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof."

"What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be!"

"It is, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I

am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty could have forced me—much less persuaded me at his first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time."

Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda, that, "if she would share with him at the present moment, his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him."

Matilda burst into tears. "It is not right—it is not generous," she said, "to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any groveling care of money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was awaiting my acceptance, and fashion, and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you, and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty."

"A fancied duty? Good heaven!"

"A real duty, then; but so questionable, that nine out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is *not* the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me—you do not love me."

"Matilda, you wrong yourself—you wrong me."

"Prove it to me, then Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday—burn those letters, and forget them."

"Never!" cried Fletcher—indignantly, "so help me God—never."

"Then the tie that bound us is asunder—our engagement is dissolved."

"Amen!" said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

There is one painful, but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the pannels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady, magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;"
but she had thwarted the plan—she had extinguished the "angel light"—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscripted her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded forever be-

trayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that, turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of Discontent and Disappointment brooded over it.

There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet immortalized in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with the holy seal and superscription of marriage.

The lady alighted from the coach and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entree*.

"Are you not going in with me, Ned?" she asked.

"Not I—I hate bridal visits."

"Oh, come with me, I entreat you," she said earnestly.

"It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return."

The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am, Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride—Miss Ellen that was—don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card, now."

While she was taking it from her card-case the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. "Pray, Mrs. Garston," he said, "do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations."

Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar roof since the memorable morning, when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties! Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his "ripened judgment" had set its seal.

Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of her felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda—Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought, no, not one, at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all round. Fine pictures should have fine frames; you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think '*second thoughts best*.'

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Livingston Republican.

REV. ANDREW GRAY.

We regret to record the death of another of those brave men, to whom under God, this country is indebted for her unequalled freedom. The Rev. ANDREW GRAY, of Sparta died at his house there, on Tuesday the 13th of August, 1839, much and justly lamented. He was seized with a paralytic stroke about a week preceding, and continued nearly the whole time that elapsed before death closed his earthly career, unconscious of suffering. The few lucid moments he enjoyed after being seized, were spent in leaving his dying testimony to the truth and excellence of that holy Religion, he was long successful in advancing.

MR. GRAY was born on the 1st of January 1757, in the county of Down, Ireland; and emigrated to this country, in company with his brother and family, previous to the Revolutionary War. At the age of seventeen, he joined in that momentous struggle, which awakened the latent energies of the nation, and issued in the establishment of an imperishable basis, of our precious and well earned independence. Being a man of uncommon strength and great energy of mind, his services were highly prized in the several engagements where he fought.

At the battle of Long Island, he was unfortunately taken prisoner by the Hessians, who with great barbarity set him up for a target, to improve their skill in shooting. Three several times he escaped the deadly aim, by falling flat on the ground, at the moment the discharge took place. Thinking escape impossible, he remained in this position till the soldier who fired came up, and rolled him over to see if he still breathed. Knowing that the bayonet would finish what the musket had left undone, Mr. Gray then sprung to his feet, when at that instant another soldier interfered and claimed him as his prisoner. He seized him by the back of the neck but the former soldier drew a sabre, and aimed a fatal blow at the youthful captive. A merciful Providence again interposed for his deliverance. He eluded the stroke, but the soldier who held him had his arm cut off by the wrist. An altercation ensued, and death appeared inevitable; but just then an officer appeared, and rescued him from danger. He ordered a file of men to escort him within the British lines, who though they dared not destroy him, gratified their brutal spirit, by repeatedly knocking him down with the butt end of their guns. In this manner he was driven before them to the British camp, about half a mile distant, covered with bruises, and more dead than alive. Though he has encountered many perils since that time, and traveled many thousand miles, he has often been heard to say, that this appeared the longest and most dreadful march he had ever performed.

From Long Island, the prisoners were removed to the city of New-York, where with five or six hundred others, he was crowded into a small place of worship, in which there was not even room enough for them to lie down. For two days they remained without food, except a few baskets full of green apples, thrown in among them by the soldiery to make sport. The camp

distemper broke out in consequence; and the scene which ensued baffles all description. From this loathsome place he was put on board of the Jersey prison ship; and for a period of six weeks he passed through a series of privations and cruelties, which must forever rebound disgrace to the memory of his captors. Their food and drink were of the most abominable quality till hundreds perished under the fiery ordeal, and the living could not forbear to envy the condition of those whom death relieved from suffering. These measures were resorted to with a view to make them enlist in this British ranks and in some instances the dread of hunger and death impelled these poor men to do it. The wretched survivors were taken on shore, a line was drawn, provisions in abundance were exhibited, the drums beat for volunteers, and there was no alternative offered but "enlist or starve." Human nature could scarcely withstand such temptation. Mr. Gray being removed on ship board, and having gained a little strength, he watched his opportunity and made his escape.

Being an expert swimmer, he dropped silently over the vessel's side, eluded the sentinel's vigilance, was preserved amid the foaming billows and fainting with fatigue and want, he safely reached the shore. The British camp lay between him and his friends, and the country around swarmed with the adherents of the enemy. For a considerable time he lay concealed; when during the silence of the following night, he contrived to pass the guards, and traveled for nearly sixty miles, exposed to fearful hardships, till he at length arrived at the American lines. These miseries of war did not deter him from again taking up the sword in the cause of Freedom. He fought courageously in some of the most bloody engagements that occurred during the war, more especially in those of Monmouth and Brandywine. The time now approached, however, that his strength and talents were demanded in another field. He who had faithfully fought the battles of his adopted country, was henceforth destined to be a valiant soldier of the Cross. Having come under conviction of sin, and found relief for an awakened conscience in the redemption of a Savior's blood; he longed to proclaim to others the way of salvation.—But many obstacles had to be overcome before this could be accomplished. He was a stranger in a strange land—destitute of means to acquire a suitable education for the sacred office—and without one friend to counsel him in his difficulties. Having obtained on honorable discharge when his country could spare his services, he hired himself out among the Low Dutch by the day, month and year, that he might obtain a little money for the accomplishment of his fervent wishes. It was thus he acquired a knowledge of Dutch, in which language he often afterwards proclaimed the "unsearchable riches of Christ." He now commenced the study of Latin, but his memory, naturally good, had become so imperfect by the hardships he had undergone, that the difficulties he encountered in the study of the dead languages, appeared insuperable. But with admirable perseverance, he persisted in his design, and gradually he found his memory improve

and all his difficulties vanish. By the time he had acquired a knowledge of Latin, his resources failed, and having obtained the situation of usher in a school of eminence, he taught the Latin in the day time and studied Greek at night.

In consequence of his excessive application to study, his health began to sink; and being seized with a distressing vertigo, he was compelled for a time to relax his exertions. Still he was able to keep up with the Greek class, notwithstanding all his disadvantages, and having now become acquainted with the language in which Homer wrote, he commenced to study Hebrew, in the same manner. His zeal, ability, and devoted piety, attracted the notice of his Preceptor, Dr. Peter Wilson, a warm hearted Scotchman, afterwards Professor of Languages in Columbia College, New York, in whom the deserving student never failed to find a true friend and powerful patron. Having finished his Divinity studies he was licensed to preach, his inaugural sermon being delivered in Low Dutch, in which language he had studied.—When it was announced that the young Irishman was to officiate as a minister for the first time in Dutch; curiosity drew great numbers to hear him, and he who had not quailed where the bullet and the bayonet dealt destruction around on the gory battle field, trembled to face a friendly audience. After a very little experience, however, he completely mastered this uncomfortable feeling; and few men have displayed greater composure, readiness of utterance, or strength of mind while officiating in public. His services were put in immediate requisition, and during the years 1792 and '93 he was engaged to preach for twelve months at Poughkeepsie, in the forenoon in Dutch, and in the afternoon in English. Having become acquainted with Miss Mary Stuart, of Wilksbarre, Pa. he was married to that lady in 1792, by whom he had a numerous family, most of whom, with his affectionate partner; survive to lament his loss. The next two years he continued to labor in the ministry, where his wife had resided; till in 1795 he removed to Allegany county, N. Y. in company with his brave early companion in arms, the celebrated Major Van Campen, and Mr. M'Henry. They purchased about three miles square of valuable land and gave their joint bond for the amount; but their titles having failed through some deception, they lost a handsome property. Mr. Gray lived about twelve years in Allegany county, and for the most of that period watched over the spiritual interests of three congregations, at considerable distance apart, viz: at Dansville, Almond and Angelica. Few constitutions could have sustained such excessive fatigue as he underwent; but nature had greatly favored him in this respect, and the promise was fulfilled in his experience, "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." He had often to contend with the fury of the elements, to brave the wild animals of the forest, and even to withstand the attacks of men nearly as savage. The God he served supported him amidst these dangers, and enabled him to say "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." About the year 1807 he removed to Livingston county, and took charge of the two congregations of Sparta and Groveland. Not long after he

was sent on a mission to the Tuscarora Indians, by the New-York Missionary Society, and the Lord appearing to bless his labors, he continued among them several years. His ministrations are said to have been highly prized by the dark sons of the forest, and to have been much blessed in the conversion of many of their number.—Between twenty and thirty church members were admitted by him to Christian privileges; and those who were benefitted by his preaching and example, are spoken of as being highly exemplary in their behavior. The horrors of war, however, again scourged the country, and he and his little flock were greatly harassed thereby. On the morning of December 18, 1814, the cry was raised "Lewiston is in flames," and every one who could, sought safety in flight. It was the Sabbath morning, the day of sacred rest; but no rest did they enjoy. The table was prepared for breakfast, and the tea poured out when the alarm was given:—and in the depth of winter, their perilous march commenced. His household property and library were of course destroyed, and he obtained no remuneration for his losses. He returned again to Sparta, and as long as his strength permitted, he continued to officiate in the work of the Lord. His great age and increasing infirmities rendered him unable to preach for several years preceding his death, and these reasons, together with some unhappy occurrences which it is unnecessary to particularize, induced him altogether to desist from official duty. Toward the close of his life, his mental as well as his bodily powers were considerably enfeebled; but though his mind exhibited evidences of decay when speaking of human affairs—it was pleasing to observe how his dim eye kindled, his trembling lips glowed with eloquence, and his soul resumed all its wonted energy, when the Redeemer's love to a perishing world was the theme of discourse. He departed this life without a struggle, in the midst of his afflicted family, who yet "sorrowed not as those who have no hope." A very large and respectable company followed his remains to the tomb, the procession being headed by two of our venerable revolutionary warriors, Captain Prime and Major Van Campen. His funeral sermon was appropriately preached in the Meeting House, where he had often fed multitudes with the bread of life, from these words of Isaiah, lii. 1, "The righteous perisheth," &c. At the time of his death he was in his 82d year, and had been for nearly 50 years a minister of Jesus Christ. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MISCELLANY.

THE LUXURIES OF COMMERCE.

AN EXTRACT.

EVEN in the simple business of refreshing ourselves with a good breakfast, we employ or consume the products of many regions. The tea we drink comes from China, or the coffee, is from Mocha, in Arabia; the sugar with which we sweeten it, from the West Indies; our porcelain cups and saucers were probably made in France;

the silver spoon with which each is provided, once lay dark and deep in the mines of South America; the table itself is mahogany, from Jamaica or Honduras; and the table-cloth was manufactured from a vegetable production in Ireland; the teapot is probably of English block-tin; and the steel of which the knives are wrought, may have come from Germany or Sweden; the bread is made of wheat, raised probably in Michigan; and the butter, if particularly good, must have come, a Philadelphian will say, from the neighborhood of his own city. If we are in the habit of eating relishes at breakfast, we discuss perhaps a beef-steak from Ohio, or a piece of smoked salmon from Maine, or it may be a herring from Scotland. Or suppose we take so very useless a personage as one of the foplings, whose greatest pleasure is in the decoration of their persons, and whose chief employment is to exhibit themselves at stated hours in Broadway, for the admiration of the ladies—and see how many lands are called upon to furnish the nice equipments of his dainty person. His hat is made of fur, brought thousands of miles from the north-west coast of America, or from an island in the South Antarctic ocean; his fine linen is from Ireland, inwrought with cambric from British India; in the bosom glitters a diamond from Brazil, or perhaps an opal from Hungary; his coat is of Saxony wool, made into cloth in England, and it is lined with silk from Italy; his white waistcoat is of a fabric wrought in France; the upper leathers of his morocco boots have come from Barbary, and the soles are made of a hide from South America. His white hand, covered with kid-leather from Switzerland, jauntily bears a little cane, made of whale-bone from the Pacific, the agate head of which was brought from Germany; and from his neck is suspended a very unnecessary eye-glass, the golden frame of which is from Africa. His handkerchief is perfumed with scents of Persia, and the delicate moustache that shades his upper lip, has been nourished by a fragrant oil from the distant East, or by the fat of a bear that once roamed for prey amid the wastes of Siberia; while its jetty blackness has probably been artificially bestowed, by the application of the same Turkish dye that gives its sable hue to the magnificent beard of the sublime Sultan.—*Knickerbocker.*

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of a very interesting and affecting kind occurred some time since at one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force, hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, without aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight.

This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulties and danger, of insult and suffering, till her failing health and strength, together with a heart broken by sorrow, brought

her to her death-bed. She had never heard from her husband; and when wandering among the mountains, lying down in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fatigues, her affection for him, and the hope of meeting him again, bore up her courage through all.

He came at last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had returned to their homes again; and fearing her situation, was touched with deep remorse.—But all hope of life was then extinguished; her spirit had been tried to the utmost;—love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times, in the character of a Greek woman, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then; her fine dark eyes were turned on them with an expression as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs; the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell disheveled by her side. Her friends with tears entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to be gone. Soon the last pang came over her, and affection conquered: she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

A THRILLING STORY.

A THRILLING story is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the "Naval and Military Magazine," which, stripped of all its embellishment, is to the following purport:

On the day of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride, Helen, with feelings more easily imagined than described, took her seat at a window overlooking the field of that dreadful conflict; but being within reach of random shot, she, with the other inmates, retired to a barn as a place of more safety, and there remained in anxious suspense during the whole day. Some time in the night, Capt. Bryan was brought to the barn, badly wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed young Bryan's wounds, and after his revival, ventured to inquire after her Walter. Bryan's evasive answer, but too fully portended the worst. She begged him to tell her the circumstances, for she knew that her husband was dead. Bryan then stated that just before going into action, Capt. Leslie thrust a small Bible into his bosom, charging him that if he fell in action, faithfully to deliver the sacred reli to his beloved Helen. But a few moments elapsed before he did fall. After learning from Bryan the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in the night, lantern in hand, into the field of the dead and dying, amidst the plunging of wounded horses and other frightful sights, in search of the remains of her beloved. On the point of returning in despair of finding the object of her anxious search, among such a mass of carnage, her attention was drawn to an outstretched hand, on which was found the well known ring of her hus-

band, who was partly buried beneath a pile of other bodies. Whilst alone engaged in the release of the object of her affections, two soldiers sent by Capt. Bryan, came to her assistance, and bore "Ancaster's dear remains" to the same room with the wounded Captain. The Surgeon applying a glass to the lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The shock of joy was too great for the delicate system of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell lifeless on the floor, several hours being spent in restoring her to sensibility, and the embrace of her fond Walter.

The small Bible was presented to Leslie, by Helen, on their wedding day; neither of them dreaming that the Holy Book was to be the salvation of the Captain's temporal life. The ball aimed at his bosom spent its force in the folds of the bible, which is now religiously preserved in the family, as a perpetual memorial of that extraordinary Providence.—*Raleigh Register.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married her for her kingdom, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling; his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death, but sunk into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope, which, if realized, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She traveled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

"A sad remembrance fondly kept."

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined continually, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.—*London Quarterly Review.*

I DIDN'T SAY BRISTLES.

THE Louisville Journal relates the following anecdote:—"We remember that, some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a Court of Justice. Smith opened the case with a violent and fooling tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose very composedly and remarked—"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before the court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic, or even to split hairs with

him." "Split that then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short, rough looking hair from his own head, and handing it over towards Sherman. "May it please the honorable court," restorted Sherman as quick as lightning, "I didn't say BRISTLES!"

A HEAVY DEALER.—"Has Mr. Breed got any cedar shingles in his wharf?" inquired a little urchin at the counting-room door. "Yes he has," "Well, I want to get two cents worth, to make a sled."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. South Orange, Ms. \$2.00; W. C. Richmond, N. H. \$1.00; H. N. B. Centerville, R. I. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$3.00; H. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Haven, O. \$2.00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Washington, N. Y. \$5.00; A. B. New Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1.00; J. F. Byron, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. McLean, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Brookfield, N. Y. \$2.00; E. G. K. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$2.00; J. B. South Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; J. G. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; M. H. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. Peapont, N. Y. \$2.00; L. M. B. Olean, N. Y. \$1.00; O. M. S. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; D. O. H. New-Haven, O. \$1.00; J. M. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. H. Vandalia, Ill. \$1.00; A. J. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. L. Keene, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. William Housen, M. D. of Port Carbon, Penn. to Miss Catharine Bryan, daughter of the late John W. Lyon, of Ithaca.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ackly, Mr. William J. Folger to Miss Ann P. Hopkins, second daughter of Elias Hopkins, Esq.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Landon, Mr. Wm. H. Macy to Miss Mary Jane Brandow, both of this city.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Peter Townsend, of Tyringham, Ms. to Miss Amelia Bill, of Great Barrington, Ms.

At Valatie, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wm. Hudson to Miss Julia Van Kuren, of the former place.

At Stockport, on the 2d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Scovall, Mr. William N. Burden to Mrs. Gidley Miller, both of this city.

At Canaan, on the 19th ult. by Hiram D. Ford, Esq.

Mr. Lester T. Shurtliff to Miss Betsey Jones, all of Canaan.

On the 10th ult. in the city of New-York, by the Rev.

Mr. Berger, Mr. William Lintz to Miss Maria Sneedner, both of that city.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. Milton Bryant, of Claverack, to Miss Lucinda Miller, of Taghkanic.

At Ithaca, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. John C. Hoes, Mr. Samuel Stoddard to Miss Ann Cecelia Hutchinson, all of that place.

Deb,

In this city, on the 2d inst. after a short and severe illness, James McEllen, Esq. President of the Hudson and Berkshire Rail-Road Co. aged 46 years.

He was endeared to our citizens by a long and intimate acquaintance, by his benevolent heart, and his great and extensive usefulness as evinced by his active, enterprising and efficient business habits.

On the 26th ult. Frederick, son of Franklin and Mary Ann Taylor, in his second year.

In Valatie, on the 28th ult. Mr. Jacob Washburn, aged 56 years.

On the 23d ult. at Chatham, of Consumption, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of James M. Cashore, in the 29th year of her age.

In Clermont, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Anna Cunningham, relict of the late David Cunningham, aged 62 years.

At Charlestown, Mass. on the 13th ult. in the 42d year of his age, the Rev. Thomas F. King, formerly Pastor of the Universalists Church and Society in this city. Mr. King has been for several years past, Pastor of the Universalists Church and Society in Charlestown—much beloved and respected by his congregation and by all with whom he had formed an acquaintance while performing the duties of Minister of the Gospel in the various places where he has visited. Forty Universalist Clergymen attended his funeral, besides clergymen of other denominations, and a vast concourse of people.

At Linden, Genesee Co. on Saturday the 21st ult. Juliet Estella, only child of Dr. H. L. W. Leonard, of Pendleton, Ningara Co. aged 21 months.

Sleep on, dear child, within thy narrow bed—

Why should fond parents at thy exit grieve?

Thy cheek is cold, but still thou art not dead,

In Heaven does yet thy little spirit live.

Thou art at rest, free from disease and pain,

And our untimely loss is thy eternal gain.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

On the banks of the Chatachoochy, lived a few years ago, and I suppose is still living, an aged Indian, the last of his race. He was the last of the Oak Mountain tribe. All his brave warriors had been killed in battle with the whites, who had wrested from them their territory, driven the game from their hunting grounds, and ploughed up the graves of their sires.

All had gone to the "land of spirits," save this one old relic, who infirm, alone and broken-hearted, begged the privilege of spending his few remaining days, and reposing his bones upon the soil of his fathers!

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

THE last rays of the evening had turned to the east, And the sun dimly shone as he sunk to the west; No sound struck my ear as I wandered along, Save the murmuring stream and the robin's sweet song.

The bright landscape was fair, and the softly blue sky Begirt the Oak Mountain in deep fantasy. Now Autumn's dull foliage and every crisped leaf, On the lonely Oak Mountain seemed covered with grief.

But the sun stole away, and the oaks lost the fringe, Which the pale rays of evening did mournfully tinge; And the Indian queen's ghost seemed to glide through my view,

And expand her light wings to the night falling dew; Then a cloud broke away, and the rays of the sun, Now again to the top of the mountain had run; And they kissed and embraced e'er they parted again, While the dull god of night reared his throne on the plain.

And now the rays of the sun gild only the peaks, And the dark shades of vesper with the sun's light mix.

On the tops of the oaks such a bright golden hue— See the dark vales below—see the deep sky of blue, Such a contrast of shades—here so brilliant—there, brown,

And see Night moving up in her dark vapory gown.

But the dark mountain now is quite shorn of its crest,

For he who illumined it has gone to the west— There to shine on the red man, who once did reside On the oak covered mountain which then was his pride.

'Twas the home of his boyhood, the grave of his sire—

It was here walked the girl he was wont to admire, And here Tuckabosh sung his rude song to Allete, And the maid owned the voice of her Tuckabosh, sweet.

Here 'twas the red warrior chieftain knelt to her charms, And 'twas here that he toyed with the maid in his arms;

And when fires had been lighted, and the tribe sunk to rest, While the wolves howled around, she would sleep on his breast.

But the chieftain is called from his beloved Allete, The white foeman in arms on his borders to meet. And Allete sits alone on the Oak Mountain top, Her sad heart scarcely feeling one faint ray of hope,

May she hope—dare she hope that her Tuckabosh dear, Will survive the rude shock of the dark cloud of war?

Now the day of his promised return has arrived— O! "Great Spirit," she cries, "if my love has survived

The rude shock of the battle, O! let him return To my bosom," but destiny oft times is stern, And unheard was the prayer of the sorrowing Allete, And unaltered the dark lettered page of her fate; For the last ray of hope having quitted her breast, On the lonely Oak Mountain Allete sunk to rest. On the brightest and loftiest peak is her grave— O! tread lightly there, she was the wife of the brave!

Now far off in the valley the tomahawks gleam, And the warwhoop is yelling, and deep flows the stream

Of the blood of the tribe of the Oak Mountain chief; For most bravely he fought, while his heart swelled with grief.

For his Allete was left on the Oak Mountain brow, And the chieftain remembered his last parting vow. Long time he contended, hard grappling with steel, And the long rifle, belching out peal after peal; And he manfully wielded the axe and the knife, As he fought for his nation, his home and his wife. But the battle pressed hard, and his warriors were few,

And compelled by his fate, the brave chieftain withdrew

To the swamps on his left with his brave little clan, There, regaining his strength, through the forest he ran

To his lovely Oak Mountain, expecting to meet The wife of his soul, his dearest Allete— Though defeated in battle though his prospects were crossed,

A faint lingering of hope told him all was not lost. But ah! who shall attempt to describe what he felt, As alone on the grave of his Allete he knelt?

Thrice he kissed the rude stone that was laid on her grave,

Then he called o'er the names of his own warriors brave—

Then with mutterings of woe, and his soul full of grief,

To the dark Chatachoochy the heart-broken chief, Slowly wended his way, and there sad and alone, Does the tragical fate of his nation bemoan— And the fate of Allete, the girl of his love, Who slept on his breast in the Oak Mountain grove.

LAMENT.

I am left alone! the dark storm has passed, And borne my loved nation away!

O! withering and cold was that pitiless blast, That made all my hopes to decay!

Chatachoochy! I stand where thy dark flowing tide Has oft washed the steps of my sires; Where once their canoes could peacefully glide, And where once our tribe lit their fires.

But they are now gone, and lonely I stray Where thy waters are flowing, dark stream; Where Memory will come and light up a ray, O'er the past days of gladness to gleam.

Were it not that this heart were broken, and fled, The spirit that prompted bold deeds— Revenge would spring forth for the dead, And the pale face receive his just meeds,

But now trembling age has palsied this hand That once fearlessly wielded the knife; And all edgeless and broken the brand, That once tasted the pale foeman's life.

Time shall soon come when the last of his race Shall bid adieu to the land of his sires; The Great Spirit points me away to that place Where happy my tribe light their fires.

O! I will come and I gladly resign All thy sad and sweet music, loved stream— All the fond recollections that twine, Where my boyhood knew its first dream.

Yes! I go to that bright land which our foe, The pale face may never enjoy, Where the streams of bliss forever shall flow And no fearful thoughts shall annoy.

I am left alone the dark storm has passed, And borne my loved nation away! O! withering and cold was that pitiless blast, That made all my hopes to decay!

THE YOUNG COMMUNICANT.

HAIL, young disciple! thou whose early feet From the broad pathway of the world have fled, Who, listening to thy Lord with reverence meet, Hast to his ritual bowed thy lowly head— How beautiful!—to heed the heavenly call Ere the full freshness of thy morning prime, Before the dark clouds threat, the mildews fall, Or o'er thy temples creep the frosts of time: So, from each wile that lureth from the fold, Still may thy chosen Shepherd hold thee free, And from all ill, till life's brief hour be told, O sweet disciple, may He succor thee,— Till to that radiant clime thy spirit soar, Where storms shall shred the rose and toss the bark no more.

THE following lines were written by MR. LEGGETT a few days before his death—they were the last from his pen:

WHY, what is death, but life In other forms of being? life without The coarser attributes of man, the dull And momentally decaying frame which holds The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down To brotherhood with brutes? There's no such thing As death; what's called so is but the beginning Of new existence, a fresh segment in The eternal round of change.

Printing Ink,

The Subscriber being agent for T. G. & G. W. Eddy, Waterford, and J. Hastings & Co. West Troy, will keep constantly on hand a general supply of Book and News Ink, at 30, 40 and 50cts. per lb. for Cash. The Ink is the same as is used for printing this paper, and is Warranted to be as good as any that can be bought elsewhere.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

JOB PRINTING,

Executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the office of the RURAL REPOSITORY No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Streets, such as

Books, Cards, Checks and Handbills of every description, on the best of type, and on as reasonable terms, as at any office in the city.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N.Y. BY

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. ☐ No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

☐ All order and communications must be post paid to receive attention.